

Queen's University Journal



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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXVII.

KINGSTON, CANADA, DECEMBER 21ST, 1899.

No. 5

Queen's University Journal.

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University in
Twelve Fortnightly Numbers during
the Academic Year.

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The Business Manager will be in the Sanctum Mondays,
Wednesdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, to receive sub-
scriptions.

All literary communications should be addressed to the
Editor's Drawer, 1109, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to
the Business Manager.

TO the choir of Xmas singers, proclaiming in mighty chorus the great feast of joy and gladness, we would add our voice, extending to all our friends greetings fitted for the season. From all the thoughts suggested to us by the day, let us pick upon a single one. We revert to our earliest recollections of Xmas, and the prominent figure there is Santa Claus, with his abundance of little gifts, symbolising the Greatest Gift. But there was nothing of this latter. Nor did we know anything of the origin of this strange gentleman; origins were no interest compared with his expected annual visits. To us he was no myth, but the ideal of our bounding spirits, the one who was able to meet every demand, and willing too. For his generosity we loved him, and swept our imagination clean, putting every scrap obtainable into his construction, until the real givers of all our little

gifts blushed to think what poor counterparts they were of this faultless little man. There was a real Santa Claus then. There is an even more real one now. He is not the roystering, fun-loving munificent with a sleigh-load of presents. Looking through the dark we see our silent second selves, growing stern from seeking the best gifts, the pearls of price. We have become our own gift givers, our own energy and strength have won whatever real possession we have. We have changed places since childhood, we no longer are satisfied to receive, but must give, and give to ourselves.

The continually increasing number of our students is not the only sign of life in Queen's. It is one of the best signs, however, for it argues that the University is forcing on the minds of our country-men the efficiency of her staff and the fitness of her methods. Young Canada too is beginning to feel the prick of growing national life, and stirrings of the greatness our country will achieve. Prosperity and plenty does its part in filling our halls. For various reasons, then, new men come to take the place of those who leave, and in the round of change our University mounts to ever loftier heights of fame and usefulness.

But the instinct of young life does not die on entering Queen's. It cannot be said by any man that the grave yard of all his hopes, and ambitions is here. There is no over-whelming darkness through which a man's ideas may not, if firmly believed and continually insisted on, enjoy some recognition. Our University does not blight the tenderest sprouts of truth. It schools and nourishes them, it is the Hot-house, Gardener and Sustenance all in one. This

perfect freedom is seen in the many different types of men who grow up in our Halls. There is, of course, the great body who by a slow subterranean process weave into themselves a strong firm culture. It is serviceable and will wear a whole life-time, even if there is not about it the flexibility of true greatness. The Medical or Science graduate who is not to be continuously and directly handling the delicate subtleties of life, but only the garments of it, cannot do better than equip himself with the rigid principles of honesty and strenuousness. The finer things will find a responsive chord in him, and even if they do not strike a perfectly harmonious note, the discord will be swallowed in the harmony already existing in his life. Opposed to this majority there are the few who through a fatal weakness, are unable to grasp any principle firmly. Within them goes on a steady war of inconsistencies, irreconcilable and unquenchable. Yet even such are not without flickerings of light.

There is another type most rare of all. By imprisoning the lightnings of truth and harmonizing them, they become not only responsive to all appeals, but able to see things in true perspective. This is real culture, genius and balance. This highest culture all men should strive to attain, and especially those who will in active life have to live in the ideas of men, reading their minds for them, interpreting for the age the things that are felt, yet unthought and unspoken.

The way to consistency and solidity, of whatever kind it be, is perfect honesty with ideas. That is why we said Queen's in encouraging her students to grow, and not in artificially moulding them, stands upon the only possible basis of culture. We do not want to be fashioned after a system, rigid; your spontaneity is thus squeezed out: what we want is to have the impossibilities of our growth lopped off. We must not struggle along on a plane too high for us, in which we have nothing better for a guide than what others do; our lives would thus be halting, never confident, always futile. Fidelity to what we know, saying only what we believe, and acting from conviction, is the sure way to the life after which we all strive.

University Sermon.

"THE HIGHER LIFE OF THE SCHOLAR.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John viii. 32.

THESE words, when they were uttered by our Lord, naturally gave deep offence to the Jews to whom they were addressed. The implication that they were in a state of spiritual slavery, and had yet to learn "the truth," could not but be distasteful to a proud, self-satisfied race, who believed that they, and they alone, were already in possession of the highest truth. Had they not, in the "oracles of God," the direct revelation of His mind and will? And if so, how could it be said that they did not "know the truth"? Nevertheless, our Lord tells them in plain terms that they do not "know the truth," and that, being without it, they are not "free." In making this deliberate charge, He had not forgotten that they came of a race that had penetrated more deeply into the realm of the spiritual than any other; that among them had appeared prophets and poets, whose lips were touched with divine fire, which enabled them to disclose the depths of the divine nature. Why, then, did He accuse them of not knowing the truth, and of being slaves? He did so, because they had lost touch with the truth, contained in the sacred writings; because these had ceased to be for them the veritable revelation of God, and had become a collection of dead formulas. The living spirit had evaporated from the sacred page, and the inspired teachers of their race spoke to them in a tongue unknown. Having no living spring of religious feeling within themselves, they had nothing in their own experience to quicken the dead letter and make it glow with the effulgence of heaven. The revelation which should have filled them with an awful sense of the divine goodness and of their own sinfulness, was wrested into a reason for pride and vain-glory, and self-righteousness. They were the "chosen people": in them was concentrated the full measure of religious truth, and they thanked God that they were not as these Gentiles. What we have to learn, then, from the Lord's words is, that to "know the truth" we must have personal experience of it. It is not enough to have the conviction that certain things are true, but we must verify their truth in our own experience, or it is not truth for us. And what is more, the truth is not something dead and unmoving—something that was true for former ages, but has now become an unmeaning tradition,—but it is, as Luther said, a "living thing with hands and feet." The truth is eternally the same, and yet continually different: it presents itself to

one age in a less developed form than to another; and it is the condition of a living faith that each age, and each individual, should realize it anew, and realize it in the form appropriate to the enlarged experience of the latest birth of time. This new experience of the truth, this living personal faith in the divine, is what we mean by religion, and no man can be called truly religious who is destitute of it.

Now, it is not to be denied that we who live in a complex age have in some ways a harder task laid upon us than fell to the lot of man who lived under simpler conditions. The triumphal march of science at first sight seems to remove from the spiritual realm much that in earlier times was believed to belong exclusively to it. As region after region is brought

charm of music or painting or poetry, or experience the calmer delight of scientific pursuits; but has not religious fervour almost entirely died away, and been replaced by the purely secular spirit?

This lament over a vanished past I venture to regard as misplaced. It is quite true that, in the modern world, the separation of the sacred from the secular has been abolished. There is no absolute line of division between the things of Cæsar and the things of God. But the reason is, not that the things of God have been transferred to Cæsar, but that the things of Cæsar have been transferred to God. And indeed the separation, natural and inevitable as it was in a rude and undeveloped age, was none the less temporary and artificial. The religious life is not a thing apart; it does not consist in the acceptance of a fixed number of abstract propositions, or in the performance of a certain ritual; it consists in the vision of all things in God, in a life whose mainspring is devotion to all that is divine. We cannot, therefore, set apart certain secular pursuits as irreligious, and assign the beggarly remainder to religion. For religion is not an isolated realm, to which we may at times retire when the engrossing pursuits of our secular callings permit it; we cannot say that life in God is this or that, because it embraces the whole of our life, or it is nothing. This is the idea which I shall try to make in some degree intelligible.

The main difficulty in freeing our minds from the preconception that religion is something added to our ordinary life arises from the inevitable tendency we all have to "cut things in two with a hatchet"—to "multiply distinctions," as Wordsworth puts it—to view our life as divided into separate compartments. At different times we live, as it were, in a different universe. When we are devoting our energy to one pursuit, for the time being the universe narrows itself down to the ideas and interests immediately connected with it, and all else for the moment is as if it were not. As we pass from one pursuit to another—say, from physical exercise to study—we seem to be two distinct persons: what is intensely interesting to us in the one frame of mind has, in the other frame of mind, lost its fascination, and at most hovers vaguely before us as a realm in which we have lived and in which we shall live again. And even as we turn our thoughts to different intellectual pursuits, we find ourselves so absorbed in the one to which we are giving immediate attention that the others seem for the moment to be of small importance, and we almost wonder how we could ever have found them attractive. This law of concentration upon a particular circle of ideas is the condition of success



PROF. JOHN WATSON

within the domain of inviolable law, we are apt to think that they are lost to religion. And the very complexity of our interests demands so much expenditure of our limited energy, that little time seems to be left for the services of religion. Hence to some people it appears as if true religion were almost banished from the earth. In the "ages called of faith," as it is thought, we have conspicuous instances of lives secluded from the world, and directed entirely to the service of God; but where are examples of pure religious devotions now to be found? "The world is too much with us:" our enthusiasm may be kindled by some crisis in our

country's history; we may be fascinated by the in any form of study. Each is attractive in turn, but we have to live in one at a time if we are to master it in any degree. It seems as if we could not live in the whole, because the dissipation of our interest over many subjects prevents us from entering sympathetically into any one. No real student needs to be told how the little world upon which he concentrates his whole mind gradually expands and deepens, lighting up from within and forming itself into an ordered whole in which he can move about freely, and feel as if he needed nothing more to complete his being. And indeed there is a sense in which the man who masters one thing masters the whole. For it is after all one universe in which he lives, however his attention may be concentrated on a part. The distinction lies in the particular point of view from which the one universe is viewed. The mathematician strips the world of all its rich variety of form and colour; for the time he is indifferent to the hopes and fears of individual men, and to the great process of humanity slowly unfolding itself through the ages; in his own way he is the pure embodiment of the spirit of abstract calculation; he is like

"Newton, with his prism and silent face,
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone."

And yet, abstract though his study is, he feels, and rightly feels, that he is getting to the very heart of things. For the mathematical conception of the universe is, after all, the conception of the same universe as that which calls forth the vivid pictures and the breathing life of the poet, or painter, or musician. Nor can it be claimed for these that they do not live in a realm of abstraction as well as the mathematician. When Plato accused the artist of occupation with the semblances of things and not with realities, he was no doubt guilty of a certain exaggeration; but it is true that the artist does not exhaust the infinite fulness of the universe, and therefore he lives in a realm of abstraction. What he tells us of nature and of ourselves is true, but it is not the whole truth; and the scientific man, who is apt to think of art as a somewhat light and almost frivolous pursuit, is so far right that a world composed of artists alone is no more conceivable than a world composed of mathematicians alone. As the mathematician reveals to us the basis of law and system which underlies the outward shows of things, so the artist helps us to see the beauty and glory of the world, and the depths and heights of the human spirit. Both contemplate the same universe from a different point of view, and each is required as the complement of the other. They are fellow-workers, not rivals. And of course, what is true of the mathemati-

cian and the artist, is equally true of the whole class of thinkers, who, in one way or another, are seeking to obtain a reflective view of the world. The historian and the philosopher each live in an abstract world, and yet each lives in the whole; for, like their brethren, they are seeking in their own way to comprehend the one infinite and inexhaustible universe.

So far I have spoken of the universe, but I might have used another and a more suggestive term. For in the comprehension of the universe, we are comprehending Him who is the source and being of the universe. The universe is the manifestation of God; and each of the intellectual toilers to whom I have referred, and many others, is in his own way disclosing to us the inner nature of God. We might, therefore, say that there is only one science—the science of the nature of God, or theology. All branches of knowledge are special forms of this one all-comprehensive science. It is God's universe that the mathematician is contemplating when he demonstrates that all is reducible to mathematical order and regularity: that the appearance of chance and caprice in nature is the superficial aspect of a deeper and an indissoluble law, itself the expression of the perfect Mind of God. It is the nature of God that the poet proclaims, when he shows us that the inexpressible beauty of the world is not less real than the substructure of unchanging law, upon which it reposes. Therefore, we are entitled to say that, whatever a man's intellectual pursuit may be, it has this fundamental identity with all others, that it is a revelation of the absolute perfection of God. And because it is so, the genuine student and the genuine artist cannot but feel that in their best moments they are joined to an object which fills their souls with infinite joy. Each is a revealer of the perfection of God, and all are needed to reveal that perfection in all its aspects.

But this division of labour in intellectual pursuits, and this identity in difference of the object of each, has a still wider sweep. There have been mathematicians who despised art and philosophy, artists who recoiled from mathematics and philosophy, and philosophers who had no love for either mathematics or art. This narrowness is partly the reflex of intense absorption in a favorite pursuit, and must not be judged too harshly. Nevertheless, it is a limitation and an injustice, and limitation and injustice we should always try to avoid. There is, however, another defect to which the intellectual worker is still more apt to succumb; even when he has a measure of sympathy with the pursuits of students like himself, he is apt to think that truth is the sole possession of those whose function it is to seek for it. This

is a great mistake. Wisdom is not always found among thinkers, and it is far from being confined to them. It would ill become you and me, who owe so much to such institutions as these, to belittle the importance of learning; but it is not less fatal to plume ourselves upon being a peculiar class because of it. There are slaves, who know not the truth, among the educated as among the uneducated; and I doubt if the number is any less. For, we must remember that it is not what we do, but the spirit in which we do it, that constitutes our character as men. And this brings us to the main point at which I have been aiming. The religious life is not a separate vocation, or the monopoly of a certain class; it consists entirely in the spirit of our lives. Each of us is part of a greater whole—a member of the family, of society, of the state, of the world; and, just as the mathematician or the artist or the philosopher is occupied in unriddling the same divine universe, so every one of us as men is living a divine life when we live our little lives in the fear of the Lord. To be religious is not merely to discharge the task set to us in a grudging and mechanical way, but to throw ourselves into it with all our heart and all our soul and all our strength and all our mind. Such a spirit is one which prompts us, in Goethe's phrase, to "live in the eternal," i.e., to devote ourselves to the service of God, which is also the service of humanity. It expels all petty and weak and selfish passions, because for these there is no room in our hearts. And we may "live in the eternal," though our task is of the simplest kind. Love to God is infinite in its potency: it expands the part into the whole; it gives to the "daily round, the simple task," an eternal value. It is the moving principle of all that is truly noble and precious in human life. Religion, in short, is no limited service, but the devotion of our whole being to the service of God. To exempt from religion any part of our lives is to lose the whole. Religion is not a method of barter, in which we surrender a certain amount of pleasure here with a view to a greater joy hereafter: it cannot live where self is the ruling motive. Matthew Arnold speaks of religion as "morality touched with emotion." Like many of that suggestive writer's words, the saying, if meant as a definition, is not quite satisfactory, but it has this degree of truth in it, that religion is the joyous devotion of the whole man to all that is pure and noble and righteous; and we may safely say that, where a man's conduct does not spring from religion, neither is it truly moral.

Religion, then, is not something separate from our ordinary life, but embraces and sanctifies the whole of life. We must observe, how-

ever, that though the religious life may find its abode in the soul of those who discharge the simplest tasks, we must not conclude that it is itself simple. For, as it depends upon the spirit in which we live, it demands the absolute and complete devotion of our whole being. It is, for example, a grave mistake to suppose that a man, who is placed in the responsible position of intellectual leader of his fellows, will display the true religious spirit if he is contented to remain intellectually undeveloped. It is inseparable from his office that he should be intellectually developed, and intellectual indolence is for him a sin. We demand of a shoemaker that he should make good shoes, and shall a man who claims to lead others be an indolent bungler in his art? No doubt it is very much easier to be contented with the most moderate intellectual attainments; and a man may even persuade himself that he is especially religious, because he refuses to face the difficult problems which meet the cultured man of to-day. In truth, he is at best a weak Christian. Religion demands the sanctification of the whole man, and therefore of the intellect; and the sanctification of the intellect is the fullest intellectual development of which a man is capable. We cannot do more than our powers permit us to do, but we can do the best that is in us; and if we aim at less, we must fall short of "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." It will not be thought that, in making this demand for a high ideal, I am forgetful of the bodily weakness and the failure in intellectual power which hem us in and restrict even our best efforts. I am only too conscious how little progress we are capable of making. But no one is called upon to be anything but himself. We cannot all be Newtons and Darwins and Brownings and Hegels; but we can all be true to ourselves; we can spare no pains to make ourselves worthy of the calling we have chosen; we can live as "ever in the great Taskmaster's eye;" and, so living, with all our failures, and weakness and faintings of heart, we may hope to follow afar off the Great Example of the pure religious life. I urge intellectual culture, then, not as an end in itself, but as part of that complete religious life which is the ideal of every Christian scholar. We must not exonerate ourselves by comparison with those whose function is to act, not to think. There is only one method by which we can prove ourselves faithful servants of the Lord—by climbing the steep and narrow way, that ascends from the shadow and semblances of things to the sunlit heights of truth. When I say that intellectual development is a Christian duty for all who would teach others, I do not for a moment mean that it is our sole, or even our main duty; I take

it for granted that all that is ordinarily meant by "morality" will be included in our ideal; I am merely insisting upon the necessity of expanding the ordinary ideal so as to include what is essential to the completeness of our lives. I would earnestly remind those before me that their paramount duty here is devotion to study. Soon enough they will pass out into a more perturbed region, where they will be tried "so as by fire," and it will largely depend upon the spirit they display now, and the measure of intellectual clearness they attain, whether they will be able worthily to hear the test. Of this they may be assured, that he who has entered most thoroughly into the minds of the great thinkers and scholars who have been endowed by God with the larger vision, is most likely to be a valiant soldier of the truth. Here you may learn how to "live in the eternal," to put aside crude and belated views of life, to acquire some measure of insight into the principles of nature and of human life. Here, as I would fain hope, you will be inspired with the enlightened devotion of the Christian scholar. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

*Delivered by Dr. J. Watson in Convocation Hall.

War Cry.

(From our Special Correspondent at the Front.)

NATHANSDORP,
SOUTH AFRICA,
22nd Dec., '99.



THE Science Hall Light Infantry, under Gen. Sir Rednose-Murray, is now encamped near Nathansdorp, about 16 miles from the enemy—which is considered to be a good factor of safety. All are well except those who were killed in the last battle, which occurred on the 20th inst. at DeKalbfontein. It was one of the fiercest battles ever participated in by the

Science troops, the casualties being even greater than in the memorable Science-Divinity—Thirteen-to-Nothing struggle.

On the night of the 18th inst. Gen. Jacobus Springhill-Hargreaves, accompanied by the Russian attache, Czar Redmond, sortied out to attack a few of the Boer laagers. In crossing a small river His Imperial Highness the Czar, along with Colonel Reid, Chaplain Taylor and Private Gilbert, were stranded on a large bar, and, as yet, have not been heard from. Grave fears are entertained for their safety, as the Boers chased General Hargreaves in a vain endeavor to recover their captured laagers, and are even now in the neighborhood. Since the sortie the price of "De Beers" has gone up at an astonishing rate.

On the 19th inst. (Sunday) the men rested quietly on their arms—backs, spinal columns, and various other parts of their anatomies. The new spiritual adviser, Chaplain Dean, preached a touching sermon from Waddell's "Arithmetic of Chemistry," on Sulphuretted Hydrogen in the Sabbath Schools," and, later in the day, refereed a crap-game between Lieutenant Major Stevens and Colonel Stanislaus Graham, K.C.B. Four Bell jars of methyl-alcohol changed hands as a result of the game.

The following morning, at four o'clock, General Brummel-Craig went up in a balloon to reconnoitre, and reported that the atmospheric pressure was a damp sight colder than the ladies' vote on election day, and that human whiskers were plainly discernible above the ridge on Bogart Kopje. At this grave news it was decided to move upon the enemy. The Commissariat Department, under Major-General McLennan, served out rations, consisting of peanut-bread and seltzer, to invigorate the troops for the coming conflict. At six o'clock General Smeaton took up his position with the cavalry on the right of Lord Cyrano de Bergerac Fraleck's heavy artillery. Gen. Gorgeous Suddenham Dickson had charge of the 83rd Seagram's Light Infantry; while the Dewar's Royal Highlanders were commanded by Colonel Sandy McNab of Dark-eye fame.

At ten and two-fifths seconds past seven, as registered by the Dupuis automatic wooden clock, the Science Hall Regimental Band struck up the inspiring strain, "Hail! Hail! The Gang's all Here!" and the contingent started forth to meet the cruel foe. Ten minutes later a halt was called, as Major "Willie" Middlemiss's horse had insisted on him performing a parabolistic flight into space, and was tearing off for the woods. The Major, however, mounted on behind General Smeeton and the army again advanced across the veldt.

The Boers were strongly entrenched behind

breastworks of sandbags and limburgers, and by an adjacent Kopje had a platform erected, on which a company of Dutch ballet-dancers were performing a spirited entertainment. This was against the rules of modern warfare, as it tended to attract the attention of the Science marksmen, and General Murray sent President Kruger a letter to this effect.

Shortly after noon the battle began by Lord Cyrano de Bergerac Fraleck bringing up the big gun, "Billy Goodwin,"



and hurling "Nicol" shells with a velocity of ten thousand gram carpet-tacks per second into the ranks of the enemy. These shells, which were charged with blowpipe-energy, exploded with great violence and started a wind-storm in the camp of the Boers. The Miller prismatic corundum projectile also wrought fearful havoc.

By this time the engagement had become general. The Boers fired with deadly aim and killed one Freshman. The Dewar's Royal Highlanders then rushed the barricade, throwing aside their arms and doubling up their fists as they advanced. Right hand swings and upper cuts filled the air. Lieutenant-Colonel Fairlie landed a pivot blow upon the proboscis of President Kruger and placed him hors-de-combat. Piet Cronje was flattened out by brave Major Sutherland, who rammed him with his head with much vigor, while the enemy resisted. The Wrenshall Hussars meanwhile were drawing the fire of the enemy, while the Buffalo Throwback Brigade, with Major Jamesie Rawlins in command, was quickly forming into position. A general advance was then sounded. The Boers broke and fled in the ut-

most disorder, were chased over a barbed-wire fence by Smeeton's cavalry, and then took to the woods.

The victory was a brilliant one. The celebrated American scout, Arizona Jones, captured five pounds of Bologna sausage, single-handed. A little bugler, named Jimmy, covered himself with glory by killing three blood-thirsty Boers with a pea-shooter. Private Lazarus Argentum Nitrate was captured by the enemy, and rumors regarding him differ. One despatch says that he is turning President Steyn's sausage machine; while others say the Dutch chemists are experimenting on him and expect shortly to turn him into German silver.

The casualties are:

Six thousand Boers killed.

Seventeen hundred laagers and President Kruger's false teeth captured.

The Science troops lost fourteen generals and one private.

"Mid."

University News.

THE HUGH WADDELL LECTURESHIP IN CHURCH HISTORY FOR 1899-1900.

THE Rev. Dr. James Lindsay, Minister of St. Andrew's Parish Church, Kilmaronock, Scot-who has been appointed lecturer for the coming session, will arrive in Kingston in February and enter at once on his duties. Dr. Lindsay was inducted into his present charge in 1885, and its membership has trebled since that date. While most acceptable as a preacher and earnest in pastoral work, he has been singularly prolific as an author and his writings have received recognition from high authorities. In 1888 he was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society of London, in 1889 a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1897 a Member of the Aristotelian and of the Royal Asiatic Societies, and in the same year was appointed Examiner in the Philosophy of Theism to 'The Associated Theological Colleges, British and Colonial.'

The epoch on which he is to lecture in Queen's is "The Reformation"; and as he has already given a course as lecturer of the Glasgow University Extension Scheme, and written articles in *The Thinker* and the *Bibliotheca Sacra* on it, he comes prepared to deal with the subject.

We append a partial list of Dr. Lindsay's contributions to theological, historical and philosophical literature. Blackwood and Sons are his publishers.

"Recent Advances in Theistic Philosophy of Religion." Edinburgh and London, 1897.

"The Progressiveness of Modern Christian

Thought." Edinburgh and London, 1892.

"Essays, Literary and Philosophical." Edinburgh and London, 1896.

"The Significance of the Old Testament for Modern Theology." Edinburgh and London, 1896.

"The Teaching Function of the Modern Pulpit." Edinburgh and London, 1897.

"Christianity and Modern Culture."

Two articles on "Christianity and Culture," in the *Young Men's Christian Magazine*, 1893, by request of the National Executive Committee.

Historical article on "The Place of the Reformation in Modern Thought," in *The Thinker*, 1895.

Article on "The Power and Value of Expository Preaching," in *The Thinker*, 1895.

Historical article on "Modern Lights on the Reformation," in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, 1898.

Historical course of twelve lectures on "The European Reformation of the Sixteenth Century." Session 1886-87 of Glasgow University Extension Scheme.

Paper on "Semitic Theology." Before Glasgow University Oriental Society.

REVIEWS.

Review of Professor Dörner's "Das Menschliche Handeln—Philosophische Ethik," in *Mind*, 1896.

Review of Professor Ladd's "Philosophy of Knowledge," in the *Critical and Philosophical Review*, 1897.

Review of Professor G. F. Wright's "Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences," in the *Critical and Philosophical Review*, 1898.

For one who is, comparatively speaking, a young man, and who is the minister of a large and increasing city congregation, this shows an astonishing amount of scholarly and literary energy. The Divinity Students of Queen's will extend a hearty welcome to Dr. Lindsay

The regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held Friday evening, Dec. 1st. Mr. A. Leitch led the meeting, taking as his subject, "True Manliness." A very interesting discussion followed the reading of the paper.

On Dec. 8th, Dr. Anglin addressed the meeting on the subject of "Purity." His words were highly appreciated by all present. Messrs. Hicks and Misener, International Secretaries, were also present.

The School of Mining has suffered a severe loss in the death of William Mason, lecturer on Drawing and Surveying. Born in Haddington, Scotland, in 1844, he was educated in

the excellent schools of Edinburgh. About twenty years ago he came to Halifax, attached to the Royal Engineers as surveyor and draughtsman. In this capacity he spent a number of years in making plans of the fortifications there, with which he became so minutely acquainted that when, seven years ago, he was called to Kingston, the engineering staff at Halifax found it necessary to apply to him on several occasions for information about details. He inherited from his mother an artistic temperament, and his talents would have won for him under favorable circumstances some enduring fame as an artist. His perception of the beautiful in Nature was clear and discriminating. His pen and ink work is very fine, and



THE LATE WILLIAM MASON.

among the hundreds of sketches which his untiring industry enabled him to make, one notes constantly the trees as favorite subjects. In these, as in everything undertaken by him, one sees the marks of painstaking and thoroughness. By faithful discharge of his duties as bursar and lecturer, by unflinching kindness and brightness of disposition, and by his evident candor and straightforwardness he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact.

During his long illness his heart was still in his work, and every morning he asked to have the window opened so that he might see the tower of the University. His work was his delight. He knew no keener pleasure than the discovery of some picturesque tree standing out against the sky. His own nature was simple, noble and upright.

Divinity Hall.

THE majority of the sage and sober men of our General Assembly are showing their soundness of heart and head by preparing to visit "the old folks at home." The Divinity has learned that staying in the city for the holidays is a dismal failure. To begin with, it is depressing to see the other fellows packing their grips and departing as if they had not a care in the wide world. Added to this is the horror of Christmas Day, which is nearly always a hopeless failure when spent away from home. Then who has the will to study when the classes are not going on and the examinations are still "a great way off"? So the wise divinity girds up his loins, taking good care to leave behind all books that suggest Calvinism or Arminianism, or predestination or regeneration, or Soteriology or Biblical Criticism, or any one of the dozen or so of the controversies which have haunted his dreams for the past months. For a couple of weeks he will be a boy again, and if there is any fun to be had amid old associations, or anything good in the family larder, he will claim his share and return to his work rested in mind and body and ready to tackle anything that the powers that be may have in store.

But the quiet rest and recreation that come with Christmas are not the only advantages that come with the mid-session vacation. Perhaps a greater advantage is that which comes from learning that student life is only one phase of the great, stirring, joyous world life. College life has opportunities so great and varied that one need not be surprised if an earnest student comes to think that student life is the only, if not the most real life. In fact, the student who regards "the plain man" in a somewhat patronizing way, has not yet been gathered to his fathers. The student, however, who will listen carefully to the Yule-tide music will not make any such mistake. The spirit of liberality inducing one to give till his last cent is gone, and yet leaves one feeling rich; the fact that everyone, rich or poor, throws dull care aside and goes in for one day's joyous living, suggest in the most powerful way that all are sharers in a common life. A man may isolate himself from the world and say contemptuous things about "the masses," but he will find that the sun will still rise and set, that there will be marriage and giving in marriage whether he gives his consent or not, while he will soon find himself left behind and referred to as "that queer so-and-so."

So we put our books on the shelf and mingle gladly with those whom we have almost forgot-

ten for a while, so busy have we been with those who sought to show us the significance of the life of Him without whom there is no Christmas and very little worth living for.

Verse and Rhyme.

TO J. B.

Thanks, old man, you're awfully kind.
In the race for a medal were you left behind
By a pale-faced girl whose pies were a fake,
Who couldn't watch turkeys, or puddings bake,
Who dished up cinders and called it cake?
Yours surely then is a pitiful case
To be beat (and well beat) in this hard-fought-for race
By a girl with a lean, and withered face.
We tender our sympathy, "nice old man,
Who has heard, and seen, and felt, and thought,
And knows in a general way what's what."

Alas, my friend, you're behind the times,
In bygone ages, in other climes,
Such heroes as you would flourish, no doubt.
It's a long while since such a "dreamer" got out,
To regale our readers with his harmless "spout."
We thought the pie-business was long since dead,
Gone to the garret with the "mother-in-law bread,"
And the "new wife's buns," always heavy as lead.
We've heard it all before, old friend,
The arguments brilliant, and without end,
And all your eloquence doth to them lend
No whit of originality, "Nice old man,
Who has heard, and seen, and felt, and thought,
And knows in a general way what's what,"

Your "physical wants" to you are supreme,
'Tis a pity—but, selfish one, do not dream
That a girl with a mind like a broadening stream,
Will stand at ebb, will stay at home,
Will leave her "higher wants" alone,
While you to learning's fount may roam;
Will bake you pies, and cook you fowl,
Not so, "nice old man,
Who has heard, and felt, and seen, and thought,
And knows in a general way what's what."

The College girl has come to stay,
Alas for you—all must give way
To her keener wit, you've had your day,
"The home realm's unqueened since she went to College."
Then king it yourself—she seeks higher knowledge.
Besides, old man,—this is point three—
Did you ever consider that this graceless "she"
Can, and has, and will make pies;
She learned it long since, ere her "tear-dimmed" eyes
Drove you to your pen, ah! luckless day!
She can cook a dinner fit for a queen,
And the lamplight as tenderly sheds its gleam
As though she knew aught of philosophy.
And withal she serves up, in judicious measure,

Browning and Keats, from her mind's vast treasure,
 Oh, jolly banquet! With her to sup
 At a well-cooked meal of the College-girl-brand,
 I'd give ——— but I think you understand,
 'Nice old man,
 Who has heard, and felt, and seen, and thought,
 And knows (?) in a general way what's what,"

ENVOI.

Here's to the brilliant pie-maker,
 Drink deep to the fireside pearl,
 All honor the boys in the "mortars,"
 Thrice honor, the brave College girl!

SOPHY.

Science Notes.

AFTER assuring himself of the comfort of the visitor, one of the young men said, "We should get good results from our *telakouton* to-night, as the weather is so fine." Then he proceeded to explain that Canada's leading representative, on the Imperial Council, who, by the way, was the grandson of an Arts 'oo man, was that night to present Canada's case for an increase of representation upon that Board.

"Is Imperial Federation really a fact then?" said the visitor, "How did it come about?" "This is probably the most gratifying news you could hear," said the student as he proffered another cigarette, "the movement really began, almost back in your time. As we look back on it now, your time is the blackest page in Canadian history, on account of the wholesale corruption and political misrepresentation which so demoralized the country, that it had, practically speaking, no public conscience at all. Now, a member of the year of 'oo who had a penchant for politics, endeavored, before he left the University, to form all Queen's men into a league to fight this evil. This he failed to do at that time, but after a few successes in the field that established him financially, he returned and effected his purpose. He had at the start ten thousand adherents. Their cause, their moderate tone and disinterested motives rapidly gained such support, that, inside of ten years they were the balance of power in Canadian politics, and in a position to tell both parties they should keep pure, not only because it was right, but because they must. When this had been accomplished it was found that every member of the league was an Imperial Federationist, and to this end they accordingly directed their energies. Success eventually crowned their efforts, and all the colonies were given representation on an Imperial Council. Canada, however, had so developed since then that her chief member, that very night in Lon-

don, was to advance her claims for increased representation."

"What happened, did you say, sir, to that distinguished member of 'oo? Poor fellow! He was wrecked on a desert island with G—— of '02, and H—— of '01, and died of acute verbositis."

During this time the room had been gradually filling with young men, and one of the students, who had been listening to what appeared to be a large cupboard set in the wall, informed the gathering that their man would begin to speak in fifteen minutes. This led him to explain the *telakouton* and the methods of perfecting the long distance transmission of sound. He also explained how the transmission or rather the reproduction of images had been attained, and as he threw open the door of the cupboard, the 'oo man, saw, in a large mirror, the image of the British House of Commons, which was sitting in conjunction with the Imperial Council.

In this image, he saw the figure of a man rise, and to his ears came the cheering of a mighty gathering. A small, black haired, black eyed man stood facing a sea of upturned faces. He spoke in calm decisive tones of the causes and development of Imperial Federation, and then went on to a statement of Canada's progress in the last few years. Then came, in intensive tones, Canada's claim for increased representation. At this moment a group of figures behind the speaker, sprang to their feet, and faintly as borne on the wind came the sound of the old Queen's yell.

"See our fellows backing him up," said a student, and then the room was silent as before.

The speaker then made his peroration stating the splendid results of Imperial Federation, and asking the Council, if it would imperil those results, to pass the motion, to dismiss the claim of Canada.

After the students had expressed the satisfaction at the speech, the little gathering broke up and the four were left alone. "What is the attitude of present politics to the Woman Question?" queried the visitor. "Oh! there is no woman question now," was the smiling reply, that question has settled itself apart from politics. Your time was one of transition, when owing to the clamouring of a certain portion of the other sex, the old grace and chivalry toward them had died away and the new relations were not evident. Women may now be divided into two great well-defined classes, i.e., the marrying class, and the bread-winners. To the first of these, the old chivalry and courtesy has been revived. The second class have been admitted into public life on a perfect footing of equality with men, and are regarded as dangerous com-

petitors and antagonists in the struggle of life. They have all the rights of men with none of the privileges of the former class. But probably you would like to retire now?

They, then, escorted their guest to his sleeping apartment. "What noise is that?" was asked as water was heard falling on the concrete pavement outside. This he was informed was only the streets, as customary, being flushed with an antiseptic solution. As the visitor from another century sank to rest, the light of the room gradually changed tint and intensity until a deep blackness was reached and he fell asleep.

W. QUAM SUDOR.

Ladies' Column.

SOMEONE has raised the cry that the Dramatic Club is bound to instill into the hearts of poor unsuspecting students that most terrible of all evils—*love of the stage*. So that in the years to come, men who might have astounded the world with their miraculous power of healing or swayed all mankind with their eloquence, will be courting everlasting ruin behind the foot-lights.

Such an idea is ludicrous and absurd. It is safe to predict that the members of the Dramatic Club will not be blinded by the brilliancy of stage life through attending the Tuesday meetings of the Club, but, on the contrary, will continue to pursue the even tenor of their lives with unruffled minds.

And suppose an Ellen Terry and a Sir Henry Irving do lurk among us, will it not be to our own glory to encourage and foster them and be the means of introducing them to the world?

And then the advantages arising from being a member of this Society are many—a familiarity with a number of Shakespeare's dramas and a knowledge of how to read well and intelligently being among the most important.

The mere fact that Prof. Dyde is its President assures the Dramatic Club of unlimited success.

Our cousins to the south of us are, as usual, to the fore. Their newspapers are filled with advertisements of the new and wonderful discovery—"Knowledge-Absorbent Cubes," which

are manufactured in Phoenix, Arizona, are pale green in color and sold "away below cost." They possess powers never equalled by anything "in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," for they are guaranteed to increase the weight of a student's brains two ounces in two months, without—Oh, great mystery!—increasing the size of his head one single jot. A complete course of these "Cubes" does away forever with the necessity for study and ever afterwards knowledge is "absorbed" without the least exertion on the part of the student.

And so sure are the manufacturers that their "Cubes" will do all they claim for them that they offer \$10,000 to anyone, who, after a fair trial of them, is not satisfied with the results. In such a case exams. need no longer be a terror to us. A number of boxes containing full directions, have been placed in the hands of the Registrar, from whom they can be obtained by students at special Xmas rates. This offer only lasts for a short time, so buy in your supply at once.

LOYALTY.

Bill is a student up at Queen's,

'Tis just his freshman year,
Yet in three months you will agree
To him she's grown dear.

For when he fell and bumped his head,
So loyal was the fellow,
That the colors of the stars he saw
Were blue, and red, and yellow.

Wednesday, Dec. 6th, a meeting of the Levana Society was called for four o'clock. The programme consisted of a debate between representatives of '00 and '01, and a reading by Miss McPherson. During the hour, light refreshments were served and everyone went away delighted with the meeting.

Medical College.

OWING, doubtless, to the rush of Christmas trade and the preparation for the medical dinner, no budget was received for this issue from the Editor for Medicine.

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Arts Department.

EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S DIARY.

Tottenham, England, Sept. 2.

THE bright sun had not yet quite dispelled the cool of the night air when we arrived in Paris. Mingled feelings of reverence and delight pulsed through my brain as I looked into the clear blue sky, and then, about me on the city itself, which seemed like a strong man after a bath. This is the far-famed capital of France. Through the self-same streets Napoleon had led in, in triumph, his victorious troops, and at other times had led them out, amidst the blare of trumpets to bloodiest battles. From these windows and doors, mothers, sisters and lovers had waved their last adieus to their soldier-boys, and welcomed them again with tears. In these streets what revolutions have been! what fights! what scenes!

This was the morning of Monday, July 24th, 1899, the third day of a two-weeks' ramble in England and France. My companion was a fellow-student of Queen's, now per chance in Edinburgh or Glasgow. Saturday morning (22nd), we arrived at Euston Station, London, despatched our business in about two hours, and were ready for our holiday. That afternoon we attended the international inter-collegiate games, held in the Queen's Club grounds, West London. The afternoon was hot and cloudless. Quinlan of Harvard had won the hundred in a beautiful race. Oxford the broad jump (23 feet 9 inches), Harvard the hurdle, Cambridge the quarter-mile, Harvard the hammer, Oxford the half-mile, Harvard the high jump, and Cambridge the mile. The last event, the three-mile race, is now half run, with America and England equal. The contest has become wholly international. The Harvard man drops on the track; Cambridge is falling back and is now out of the race. Oxford and Yale remain and are both running well. It is a $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile track. The last lap has begun. Now Yale, now Oxford leads. Ten thousand excited people rise up, where till now they have been sitting,—lean forward, breathless, in a wild hope to see their favorite forge ahead and win. 300 yards remain, and the men are struggling abreast. Oxford pulls ahead—then a brilliant effort

brings Yale some feet into the lead. His thousand countrymen on the south stand break into a wild howl—but a British cheer from the other side of the field greets Oxford's supreme effort—he passes,—the cheer, more general now, carries him on—he leads—gains—still gains, and wins the race and contest for England.

But this is only the beginning, the first course of a sumptuous repast. That evening we went to the Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving's own theatre, to hear him and Miss Ellen Terry in Robespierre. The play is of the magnificently spectacular variety, and has been variously criticized as worthy and unworthy of Irving's efforts in its behalf. Those who have had the privilege of hearing him in both Shylock and Robespierre cannot but notice how much of his Shylock is reproduced in Robespierre. This, however, may be quite natural, since the groundwork of the natures of both characters is very similar in their grasping selfishness—expressing itself in Shylock through his miserliness, and in Robespierre through his ambition. Both are inexorable when in power, and when robbed of it they are pitiable creatures. Robespierre, however, is a much more imposing ruin than Shylock, for he is nobler in defeat than he ever was in power. Both are overwhelmed with the righteous doom of their self-centred lives. At a meeting of the National Assembly Robespierre's fall is as complete as Shylock's in the trial scene. At the height of his power, and when his "incorruptible" will was doing most mischief, there was yet a redeeming trait in the character of Robespierre. It was his genuine devotion for Clarisse, his first, wronged love and his solicitude for her son Ollivier. The effect caused by Robespierre's discovery that the young Royalist before him, whom he had just condemned to death, was his own son, is most intense. This situation brings out the genius of Irving as an actor. Few words are spoken. The young man stands defiantly in the presence of the man—the self-made god—whom he does not suspect of being his father. The father, discovering by secret papers that this is his own son, lapses from the relentless murderer to an almost natural father. The battling passions of his soul are seen in every look, every feature, every movement. He cannot reveal the secret, for it would but add con-

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tempt to the volume of the boy's hate. The father struggles with the murderer and the son looks on bewildered. One could not help but think that Hell is not necessarily beyond the confines of this world. That was a veritable Hell.

But there is one scene which will remain longer in my mind, and that is the scene in the prison at midnight. Robespierre is left alone by the gaoler who goes to execute his order. The feeble light which had dimly illumined the dark stone walls of the prison goes out, and leaves Robespierre alone with conscience and black night. He turns about and starts—he calls—then he sees a shackled ghost appear and disappear—he tries to persuade himself that it was fancy and begins to grope his way across the stage—but again a ghost—a dozen ghosts—flit silently before his eyes—and here he shivers out a moan of abject terror and shrinks back—ventures again toward the door and again shrinks back—and in an agony drops on his knees and writhes and grovels in the dust, until he is exhausted. Macbeth's feast offers perhaps the nearest parallel in Shakespeare to this scene, but being in a lighted hall, and the ghost having to be imagined by the audience, it is not nearly so intense or constrained, though possibly finer and more artistic.

When the curtain dropped and I looked round I noticed many a little handkerchief dash a tear from many a pretty face, and the gay heart of English beauty chatted together as it fanned itself. I leaned back in my seat and took in as much as possible of my gay surroundings. My companion, who had become "wrapt withal," leaned over and whispered, "Where am I? What, is this me?"

It was raining when we got out. Busses were all crowded and cabs engaged, so we walked through the dull streets lit by an occasional gas lamp till we reached our hotel in

Southampton Row. I fell asleep listening to the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement, and the low rumble of the rich man's carriage, and the incessant patter of rain.

' To be continued.

SWEET-BITTER.

And you grieve, my friend, for my various mood,
That to-day I am loving and kind,
And to-morrow my words may be bitter and rude;
And you say that you fain would find
A clear, blue sky, all clouds away,
And nothing but sunshine from day to day.
Last June as I lay beneath the trees
In the heavy, burning air,
And sighed for one breath of this wintry day
To cleanse the tedious heats away,
There stole from the garden a gentle breeze,
And his breath was rich with the fragrance he took
From the flowers that cluster'd there,
And he playfully scatter'd over my book
A few rose-leaves that he gleaned from the tree
As he wander'd on his way:
And he linger'd awhile to comfort me,
To fan my hot forehead and toy with my hair,
And scatter the clouds of brooding care,
Then peacefully stray'd away.
This Christmas morning we met once more,
But his mood less gentle than before,
My friend I scarce could know,
For his breath was frosty, his voice was loud,
And he flung in my face a glistening cloud
Of stinging flakes of snow.
But my blood at his touch flow'd fresh and fast,
And he gave me new life as he hurried past,
A brighter, happier mind.
And though I shrank from his tingling puff,
And thought him unmannerly, harsh and rough,
He was never a whit less kind.

A. T.

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Personals.

REV. A. K. Scott, one of the most prominent members of the senior year has been heard from. He has charge of the Baptist church in Pembroke, and will no doubt be successful as a pastor.

C. L. Durie, B.A. is taking a course in Law at Osgoode Hall.

H. H. Sinclair, B.A., is the General Agent for the Imperial Life Insurance Co'y of Canada. His headquarters is at Renfrew.

H. S. Pringle, B.A., is studying Law in his brother's office in Chicago.

H. C. Windell, M.A., has returned to Queen's and is taking the Medical course. He took the first year work at Trinity last session.

Dick Byers is a student at Osgoode this year. We wish him his usual phenomenal success.

We are glad to see Mr. A. T. Barnard, B.A., around the halls after a short illness which compelled him to return to his home for a few weeks.

Jim Shortt is anxiously awaiting the outcome of his recent western tour, which will probably result in his being called simultaneously by several congregations.

Dr. Jas. Mitchell, '99, is practising his profession with considerable success in Gladstone, Mich.

C. P. Merritt, B.Sc., '99, is assistant City Engineer in Grand Forks, B.C.

Dr. F. E. Connor, '99, is practising Medicine in Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Lawrence Newlands is amalgamator for a B.C. mining company.

W. M. Lockhead, M.A., is in the office of the Hanbury Milling Co., Brandon, Man.

Mr. Cecil Lavell, M.A., has been appointed Lecturer in connection with "The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching." He has chosen for his subject "The Expansion of England" and The Builders of our Civilization.

Mr. W. B. Munro, M.A., LL.B., took this summer the Andrew White Scholarship in History in Cornell, of the value of \$600, and also a travelling Scholarship of equal value in Harvard. He chose the latter in preference to the Scholarship in Cornell. He also won the Suruner Prize of \$100 for an essay on the "Feasibility of an Universal Staatenbund."

De Nobis.

THE M. M. P. A., which has been defunct to all outward appearances for some years, has been reorganized this session. The officers as far as can be ascertained are as follows:—President, W. Kemp, M.A.; Vice-President, J. Loucks; Sec'y-Treasurer, A. F. Smith; Chaplain, W. Brokenshire. Communications have been received from the following gentlemen asking for admittance to the Society in the near future—E. A. Wright, C. E. Pocock, H. Bleaker, G. A. McGaughey, J. H. Edmison, T. O'Hagan, Ward Merrill, A. F. Huffman, and others too numerous to mention.

I hate to say it just because

It sounds so mean and shocking;

But Nature beats you, Santa Claus,

In filling Madge's stocking.

SEL.

Kennedy—"A fellow isn't treated square down here—the Court is after me, and the JOURNAL too. When I was at Napanee I ran the whole school; still I am a pretty important man, for the other night I had a summons to appear before the Court, at the same time a Glee Club practice and a meeting of the General Committee of the Conversat."

"Dave," 11 a.m.—"Time to get up Chrysler. Chrysler, Woo! oo! No! wait till dinner time."

Senior, to Prof. De K-b—"Ninth Lancers are missing!"

Prof.—"What?"

Senior—"Ninth Lancers were captured by the enemy."

Prof.—"Where?"

Senior—"In the Transvaal."

Prof.—"Oh! I thought you were talking about the Philippines."

"Dave 'L-z-r has a new method of working: all morning classes are tabooed. This is a modified form of Chrysler's idea of college going."

O. N. Scott says that the "Meds" put the Students' Dance on the "bum."

Prof. Sr. Greek—"Why, where are all my men to-day?"

Willie McI-n-s—"Please teacher, they stayed at home to write their essays in philosophy."

Laidlaw (soliloquizing)—"If I had not played football, if I had not sung in the Glee Club, if I had not attended the Alma Mater and the meetings of my own year, if I had not come into College for the first two years of my course, yea, if I had not done all of these things, and if I had led *even* one meeting of the Y.M.C.A. I would have been a delegate."

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